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DECEMBER 1975

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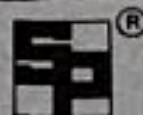
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OF SENSE AND NONSENSE

There was a young lady of Riga
Who rode with a smile on a Tiger;
They returned from the ride
With the lady inside,
And the smile on the face of the tiger.

Alas my dear little lady of Riga! What sense was there in riding a tiger? But we must not bring in the question of sense here, for this is called nonsense rhyme! We should neither ask how a tiger could smile. There is a realm of fantasy where anything can happen. Haven't you read of Alice meeting a grinning cat in the *Wonderland*?

Nonsense though they call it, sometimes men of profound sense are fascinated by it. For example, Oliver Wendell Holmes, famous American doctor and poet (father of the more famous Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes), wrote of the celebrated preacher Reverend Henry Ward Beecher (father of Harriet, the author of *Uncle Tom's cabin*):

The Reverend Henry Ward Beecher
Called a hen a most elegant creature
The hen, pleased with that,
Laid an egg in his hat,
And thus did the hen reward Beecher!

This particular type of nonsense is called the limerick (nobody knows for certain why) and was made famous by Edward Lear. We give you a few new limericks in this issue, all of which being on proverbs, should be of particular interest to you. But you will soon find out that they are by no means nonsense. Can't help!

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Result of Photo Caption Contest held in October Issue

The prize is awarded to : B. Vatsala Baliga,
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Bangalore - 19.

Winning Entry - 'Mutual Admiration' - 'Self-Estimation'

NEWS FOR YOU...

Latest World War Shocker

Thirty years have passed since the Second World War was over. Still, from time to time, new revelations about the war are made. The latest sensation in this regard comes from a Danish pilot who discloses that more than 500 Nazi paratroopers were ready in 1942 to fly from Poland to Moscow, land inside the Kremlin and kidnap the Soviet chief Joseph Stalin. It was not carried out because the German intelligence service could not say with 100% certainty when Stalin would be in his Kremlin command bunker.

The Universe is Sweet Sixteen!

After a study of 50 galaxies over the past decades using 4 of the world's largest optical telescopes, astronomers Allan Sandage (America) and Gustav Taminan (Switzerland) have concluded that the universe is sixteen billion years old and not ten as hitherto believed.

According to them, the galaxies themselves are 14 billion years old. Before that the universe consisted of a huge gas cloud that took two billion years to expand and cool down enough for stars to form.

....AND SOME VIEWS TOO

A Guide to 20th Century Thoughts on Universe

There's only one corner of the universe you can be certain of improving, and that's your own self.

—Aldous Huxley

The conclusion forced upon me in the course of a life devoted to natural science is that the universe as it is assumed to be in physical science is a spiritual universe in which spiritual values count for everything.

—J. B. S. Haldane

The universe is not hostile, nor yet is it friendly. It is simply indifferent.

—John H. Holmes

The universe shows evidence of a designing or controlling power that has...the tendency to think in the way which, for want of a better word, we describe as mathematical.

—Sir James Jeans

THREE LIMERICKS

By MANOJ DAS

"History repeats itself," can you exemplify?

To the Professor's question the class sat quiet and shy.

Said the prof., "Many thanks, For your answer through silence,
Which is a repetition of your yesterday's performance,"



"Where there is a will there is a way."

Ramu willed and headed where the hidden Rasogolla lay.

Midway he met
The jolly tabby cat

"Early bird catches the worm," who seemed to say.



"A barking dog does not bite,"
Read a proof-reader and felt very bright.
Braving into a barking brute
Badly mauled, he cried out,
"What an error was there in the manuscript!"

INDIRA GANDHI

"It is well-known that I did not groom her or help her in any way to become the Congress President, but she did; and I am told even by people who do not like me or my policies that she made a very good President. Sometimes she chose a line of her own against my way of thinking, which was the right thing to do... She has a strong independent mind of her own as she should have."

You can easily guess who said this and regarding whom. Jawaharlal Nehru said this regarding his daughter, Indira, when she became the President of the Indian National Congress in 1959.

It is true that the great father had not trained his daughter for the post of the Congress President, or, for that matter,

for any other particular post either. But he had certainly prepared her for a worthy career. Even before she had stepped into her teens, Indira had accompanied her parents, Jawaharlal and Kamala, on a tour of several Western countries and had the privilege of receiving a long series of highly enlightening letters from her father while staying away from him. These letters, famous as *Letters From a Father to his Daughter* as well as *Glimpses of World History*, contained not only precious pearls of informations, but also priceless diamonds of wisdom which could not have failed to enrich the understanding and broaden the vision of the daughter. Indeed, a large number of Indian children have shared the benefit of

In accordance with the spirit of the International Women's Year we carried a series of features on world's great women, beginning with Joan of Arc. We conclude the series with this feature on Mrs. Indira Gandhi, the Prime Minister of India—one whom the life of Joan of Arc had greatly influenced.

these letters, for the books containing them have proved popular through the decades.

Indira, the second part of her name was Priyadarshini – dear to sight – was born on 19th November 1917, at Anand Bhavan – the Abode of Delight – at Allahabad, the mansion of her celebrated grandfather, Pandit Motilal Nehru.

A true aristocrat, Motilal spent lavishly, as he earned fabulously from his legal profession. His house abounded in luxurious things. But this is by no means to suggest that the silver spoon with which Indira was born remained stuck to her mouth for long. She had to weather through a very rough time, members of her family, particularly her father, being frequently arrested, the house being searched time and again and valuable things carried away by the police for selling them and realising the fine imposed on the family for their defiance of the foreign government.

That was the time when India's fight for freedom from the British rule was gathering momentum. The Congress had resolved to boycott all foreign goods and people were inspired

to destroy whatever foreign goods they possessed. One evening a big bonfire was made in front of the Anand Bhavan which was fed by all the foreign goods the Nehru family used – costly silks of many a hue and a number of luxury items. Someone pointed out to the little Indira, "What about your doll which is of foreign make?"

The beautiful doll was very dear to Indira. She had to suffer the pangs of conflict, but not for long. She brought out her doll and hurled it into the fire.

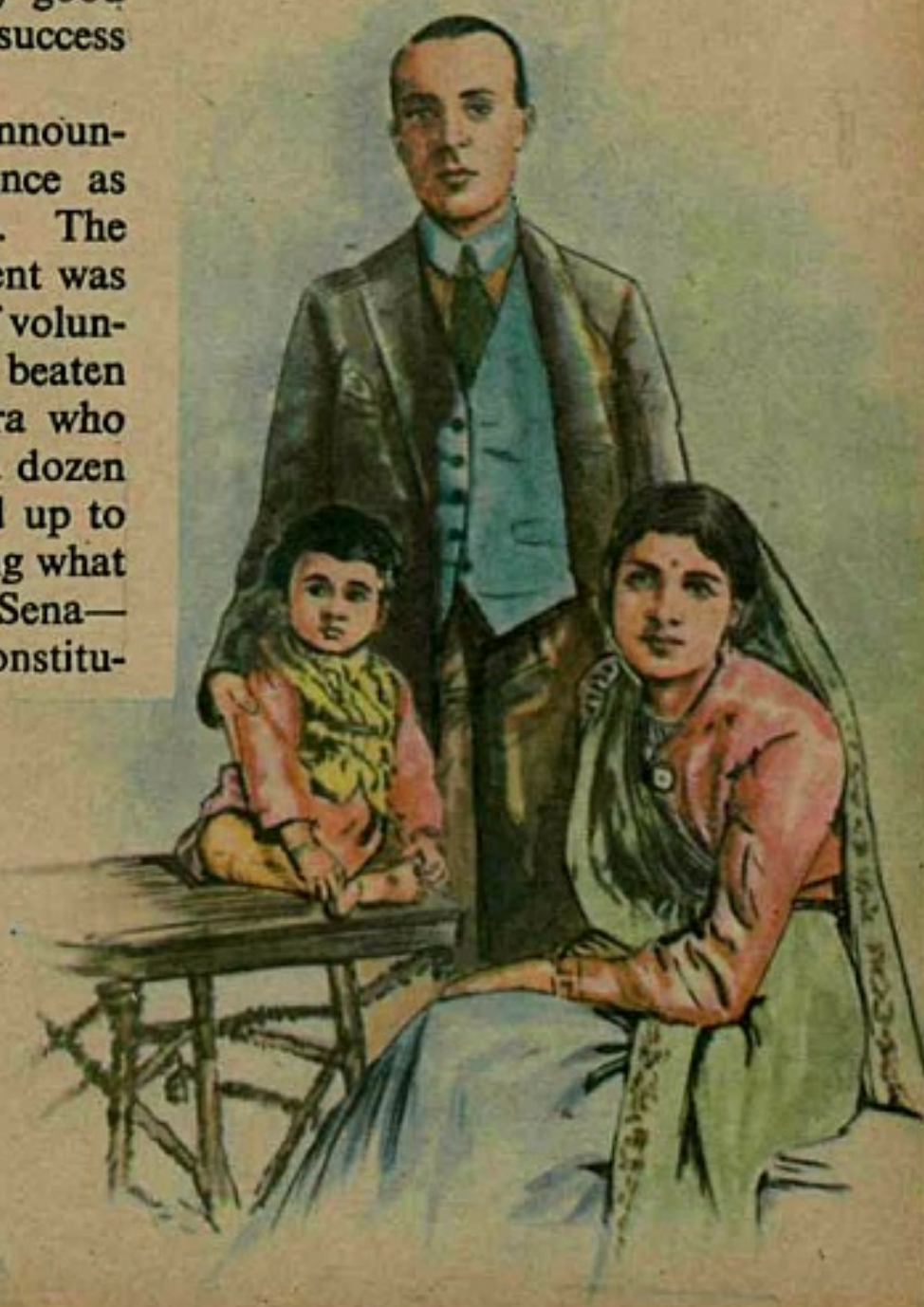
Indira had learnt from her father about many great characters of the past. Of them the one that inspired her most was the life of Joan of Arc, the peasant girl who with miraculous power led the French army against the English and drove them out of France. With such examples in mind, no wonder that Indira would put up with sacrifices and sufferings with ease. And because she realises so well how much the childhood means for the future of a person, she lays great emphasis on the right upbringing of the child. The message she had given on the occasion of the Chanda-mama's Silver Jubilee Celebra-

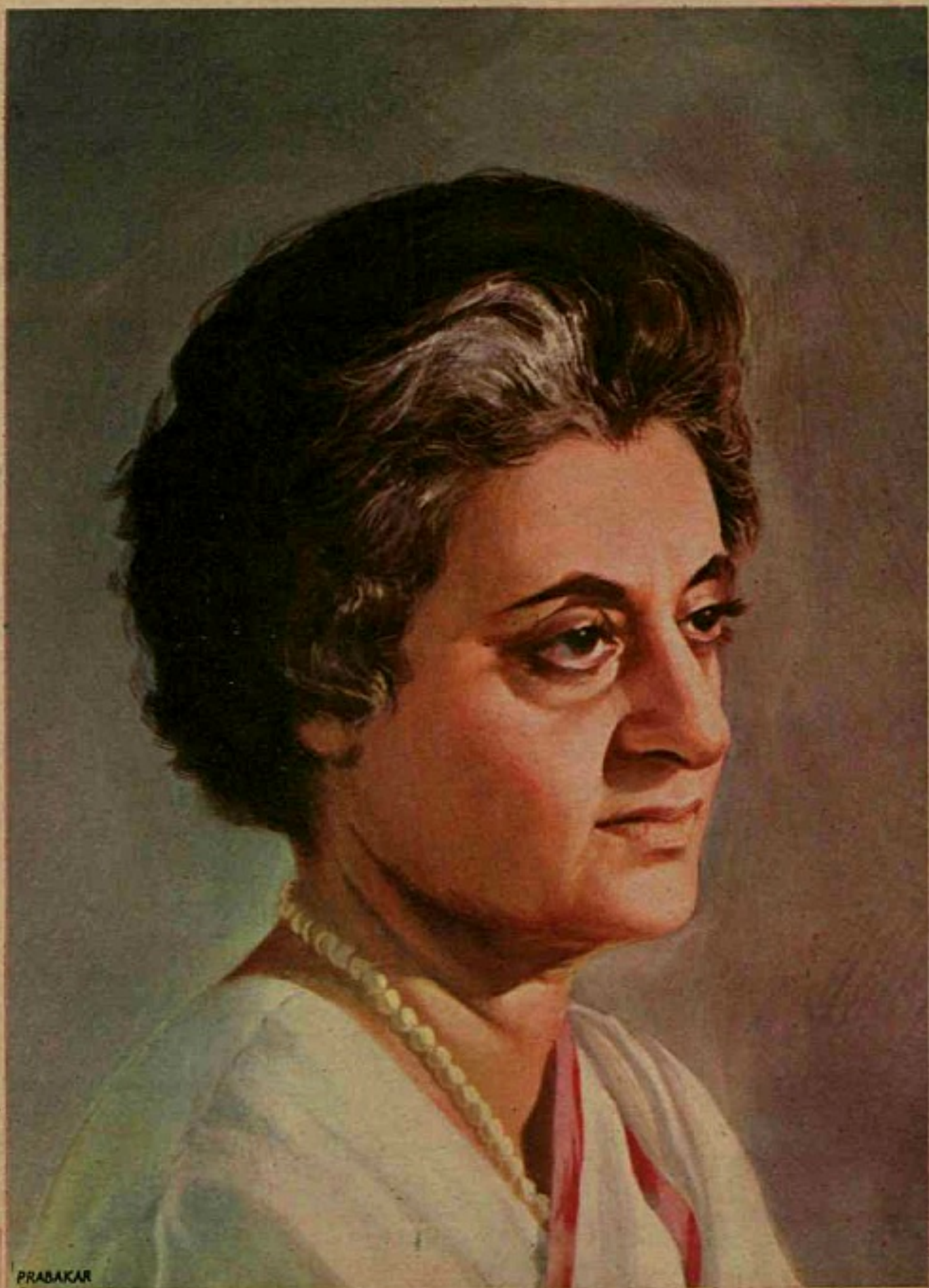
tions bears testimony to this: "Our children need books and journals which will awaken their minds to the marvels of creation and the living universe of ideas. Publications for children must arouse imagination, create aesthetic awareness, encourage the desire for knowledge and at the same time teach them to live in harmony with their own society and the world. My good wishes for the continued success of *Chandamama*."

In 1929 the Congress announced complete independence as the goal of the country. The non-cooperation movement was intensified. Thousands of volunteers were arrested or beaten up and wounded. Indira who had experienced barely a dozen of springs by then, stood up to the occasion by organising what was known as the Vanara Sena—the Monkey Brigade—constitu-

ted of children of her age, who nursed the wounded, carried messages of solace to the families of those arrested or hospitalized, and performed numerous sundry works for the suffering patriots.

Though Indira was having her education the hard way through all such experiences,





her father was anxious that she should get some formal education. After passing the matriculation examination, she went to Santiniketan where she studied under the personal care of Rabindranath Tagore who once wrote to Nehru about her: "She is a charming child—she has your strength of character as well as your ideas."

In 1935 she was sent to Switzerland to look after her ailing mother as well as for study. But early the next year her mother died and her study was interrupted. Thereafter she proceeded to Oxford in England. But she fell seriously ill. Her academic studies remained incomplete.

But the traits a true education could develop were hers, naturally and spontaneously. Dutiful daughter of a man of destiny, he nursed and governed Jawaharlal Nehru as a mother would do; yet when it came to matters of opinion and principles, she presented a personality as well formed as her father's.

In 1942 she married Feroze Gandhi, a brilliant youth with progressive ideas. Soon after their marriage, a new phase of the freedom struggle, known as the Quit India movement, was

launched and her entire family, including Feroze and herself, was put behind the bars. Prior to that she even got a taste of the police *lathi*. She was ill, over that she was ill-treated by the jail authorities. The officials even entertained themselves to the fruits her friends sent her!

From the day of the assumption of the office of the Prime Minister by her father till his death in January 1962, Indira shared his hopes and agonies, while discharging her duties as a leader by her own right. When Lal Bahadur Shastri succeeded Nehru as the Prime Minister, she joined his cabinet and at his sudden death in January 1966, became the third Prime Minister of India. Since then she has continued to lead this big and populous country through many ordeals and trials on the path of progress and peace.

She is often mentioned as the world's most powerful woman, even 'the most powerful leader among both men and women. She is, indeed, a leader with great zeal, determination and dedication. Examples galore can be cited to illustrate this. But we better conclude with a funny incident narrated by

herself. Years ago, while she was touring the Punjab as a Congress leader, a meeting had been abruptly arranged for her at a certain place, early one morning. She recollects: "It was a cold and misty January morning with a sharp breeze and at 6 a.m. still quite dark. Not a soul was in sight. All doors and windows seemed to be tightly secured. However, there was a *takhat* and a microphone and some *durries*, wet with the heavy dew. Hansrajji felt that we had done our duty by coming and we could now drive on to the regular

programme with a clear conscience. However, much to his embarrassment, I insisted on giving a speech whether there was anybody to listen or not. Almost with my first word, windows started banging open and tousled heads peeped out. Immediately afterwards the entire village poured out from the warmth of their houses, wrapped in blankets and *razais*, some with 'dattun' sticks and some with tumblers of steaming tea."

Many a door or window still continues to open at her voice. People hearken to her call.

WONDER WITH COLOURS





THE CHRISTMAS TREE

"Heap on more wood
—the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas
merry still."

Thus sang the famous
novelist and poet Sir Walter

Scott. And who does not know that the Christmas Tree is one of those things which help us keep our Christmas merry? But do you know how the fir tree became the Christmas tree?

We have to cross twelve hundred years backward. That was the time when the early Christian missionaries braved into distant lands carrying the message of Christ. The Pope,



the supreme leader of Christianity, inspired an Englishman named Boniface, to take the message into the heart of Europe.

In those days the only means of travelling fast was the horse. And no doubt, to travel was to court great risks. Sailing by boat for many days and then riding a horse, Boniface arrived in a remote part of Germany. He tried to preach Christianity to the people, but with hardly any success.



The different communities of people in Europe had their different religious practices. On the outskirts of the village where Boniface camped stood a very old and huge oak tree. The villagers believed that Thor, the god of thunder, resided in that tree. To please the god, they sacrificed a little boy to the tree from time to time.

The winter night had been preceded by a day of festival in honour of Thor. Now the crowd was ready to witness the last rite of the festival, sacrifice of the little boy. The boy was bound to the tree and the priest raised his axe to chop off his head.



The eerie silence of the forest was suddenly shattered by a piercing cry, "Stop!" The priest was taken aback. The crowd looked bewildered. Then through darkness was seen rushing to the spot Boniface, the stranger.

Boniface snatched away the axe from the priest's hands. He knew what a great risk he took. The angry crowd might have torn him to pieces. But he looked bright with the zeal of his ideal. He took the daring step to put an end to the age-old superstition of the people.



"Let us see what Thor can do!" he shouted and brought his axe down on the trunk of the tree. While the people looked on stunned, expecting the god of thunder to strike the stranger with a swift lightning, Boniface went on with his fierce blows against the tree.

The tree fell down with a fearful sound, but no thunderbolt came down to punish Boniface. With the tree falling, the crowd's awe for Boniface was heightened. They came to believe that Boniface must be a very powerful man to do such a thing.





"My love for this child as well as for you all is more powerful than your fear of Thor," said Boniface. So long he had not been able to draw any audience to himself. But now his action impelled the crowd to listen to him.

But Boniface did not stop there. He saw a fir plant close to the stump of the fallen tree. He announced, "Behold this little fir, as tender as the little boy you were about to kill. From tonight let us accept the fir as the symbol of love and innocence—the message of Christ."



Thus associated with Christianity by Boniface, the fir became the Christmas Tree. Martin Luther put candles on the Christmas Tree to remind us of the stars that were seen over Bethlehem on the night of Christ's birth. The German prince Albert, husband of Queen Victoria, introduced the Christmas Tree in England only a century ago. Christmas Tree is Germany's gift to the world.



THE STRANGE TALISMAN

One morning a stranger was seen entering a certain town. He was as fat as an elephant and quite tall too. He wore all black. Children who saw him were struck with panic and ran away from his sight.

"Who wants to see the miracle of my talisman? Hurry up to me!" shouted the stranger as he moved his huge body with difficulty. But he inspired such awe in the people that nobody responded to his call.

But Madhav was always curious about everything. He approached the stranger and said, "Well, what is the miracle? I am willing to see it if it does not cost me any money!"

"Follow me," said the stranger happily and both reached a lonely place outside the town. The stranger then took out the talisman which he wore around his waist. And no sooner had he done that than the long band of the talisman that covered his huge waist shrank and became short.

"Oh!" uttered Madhav, not much impressed with the miracle.

"Wait, my brother, wait and see!" said the stranger, "The real miracle will take place only after I go away from your sight. Now, come on, let me tie it to your waist. And if you would ever wish to get rid of it, you have to tie it around somebody



else's waist. There is no other way. But this is a lovely thing and I am sure you will like it!"

After tying the talisman to Madhav's waist, the stranger left the spot as fast as he could.

Madhav looked on as the stranger disappeared. Suddenly his eyes fell on his own shadow. He stepped back in horror. How could his shadow be so big? Then he looked at his hands and legs. Well, they appeared to be somebody else's. It took him some time to realise that he had grown awfully fat. The miracle had happened!

Madhav ran in the direction the stranger had gone. He

could see, at the turn of the road, a thin man in black briskly walking away. With his huge bulk, Madhav could not have overtaken him!

When Madhav returned to his house, his neighbours could not recognise him easily. Madhav narrated his misfortune tearfully and then the neighbours commented, "Yes, we suspected some foul motive in the stranger. However, throw away the talisman immediately."

The suggestion came as a relief to Madhav. He unfastened the knot of the band and threw away the talisman. But lo and behold! The talisman returned to him like a boomerang and took a stiffer grip of his waist of its own. Madhav, still trying to snatch it off his waist, felt a severe burning sensation. The sensation subsided only when he refrained from meddling with it.

Madhav was driven to extreme misery in a few days. He used to work for earning his livelihood. With his huge body, he was now deemed unfit for any physical labour. The rice he had stored, which would have normally sufficed for a month, was finished in a week's time, for, he now ate four times



more than what he used to eat. Even then he felt the pang of hunger at intervals.

"Death is the only solution to my problem," he thought and sat under a banian tree, brooding over the method of putting an end to his life.

Suddenly he heard a passer-by telling him, "Sir! I am, frankly speaking, jealous of your impressive body. Look at me. I am hardly anything more than a skeleton. No wonder that I don't get a bride to marry! Can you pass on to me any secret of getting fat?"

"Why not! My fatness is the blessing of a talisman. If you

would wear it, you too would become fat. I will be glad to pass it on to you. You will see the miracle as soon as I disappear from your sight."

So saying Madhav tied the talisman to the passer-by's waist and advised him not to try to throw it away but to give it to someone who would need it in case he did not like to wear it himself. Thereafter he left the place taking long strides.

The passer-by, whose name was Shankar, kept standing while his body began to swell. Soon he looked as round as a boar.

Shankar reached his village,



happy with the great change in his body. But to his disappointment the fellows who had refused to give their daughters in marriage to him because of his thinness now refused to give him their daughters because of his fatness.

Disgusted with the world, Shankar donned ochre robe, like a mendicant, and roamed about in the country. One afternoon he rapped on a door seeking alms. The house belonged to a rich spinster. She opened the door and asked Shankar whom she took as a real mendicant, "Can you tell me how to look plump?"

"Of course, I can," said Shankar, "you will grow plump if you wear a talisman!"

"Can you give me such a talisman?" asked the lady eagerly.

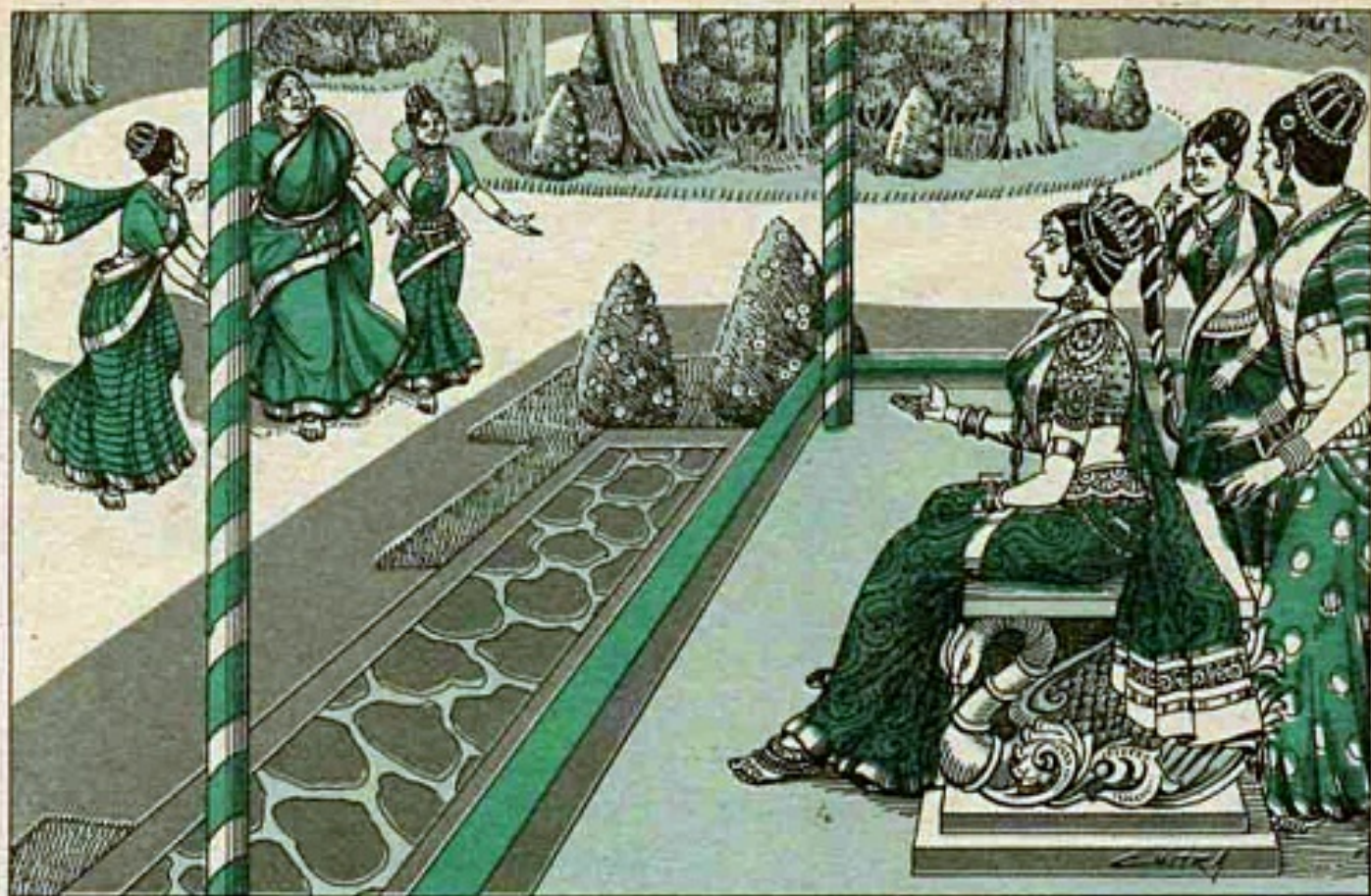
"Here it is," said Shankar as he removed the talisman from his waist and putting it around the lady's, said again, "You will see the result once I am out of your sight. If you wish to get rid of it, you have to tie it around someone else's waist. That is the only way."

Needless to say, Shankar left the place as soon as he could. The delighted lady entered her bedroom and saw herself in her mirror. Next moment she shrieked and almost fainted. She looked like a demoness.

Soon the news of her miraculous change spread and the women of the neighbourhood rushed to see her. Among them were two maids of the princess.

The princess, for reasons best known to herself, was in a sad mood for one full year. The maids thought that if they would show this funny-looking woman to the princess, she would be amused.

The maids inspired the spinster to accompany them to a royal garden which the princess



was to visit that evening. When the princess saw her, she felt really amused. She smiled and asked, addressing the spinster, "You made me smile after a long time. What is the secret?"

"The secret is in the talisman!" said the spinster.

"Can I see it?" asked the princess.

"You can use it and see!" said the spinster and she lost no time in tying it to the princess' waist. Before leaving, she said, "You must tie it around someone else's waist if you desire to get rid of it ever!"

Soon thereafter the princess got into her palanquin and the

bearers proceeded towards the palace carrying the palanquin. But they had hardly gone a few steps when the palanquin grew heavier. Soon the princess gave out a shriek. The bearers kept the palanquin down and the maids came rushing to the princess. The princess had fainted looking at her own figure.

The princess was somehow carried into her apartment in the palace. She came back to her senses too. But she wept non-stop.

When the king heard of the strange situation, he hurried to his dear daughter's bedside and



advised her to throw away the talisman. She did so. But the talisman rebounded and got fixed to the princess' waist giving her a burning sensation for a while.

The king could not bear such plight of his daughter. He made the princess tie the talisman to his own waist. The princess got back her beautiful slender form, but the king grew terribly fat.

Food was no problem for the king. But it was with great inconvenience that he sat on his old throne which was now too small for him. Problems also arose regarding his dress and the crowns.

The king's sepoy's found out

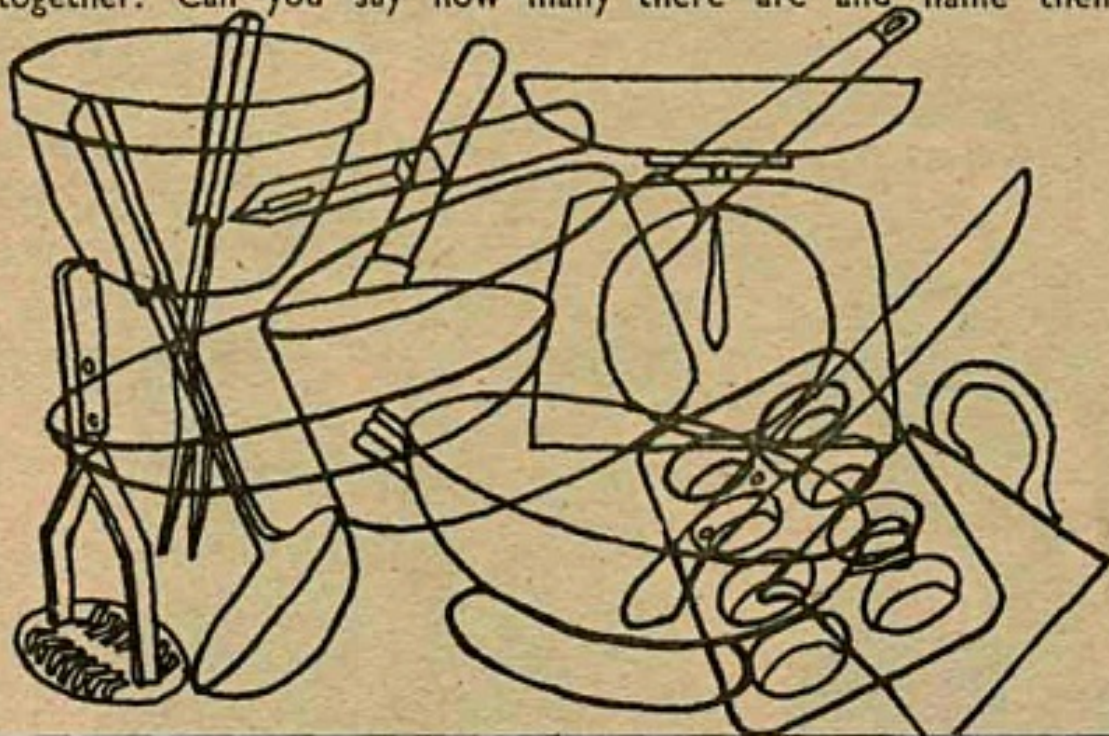
the spinster soon. With the information she gave, they soon found out Shankar too. It was not very hard to trace Madhav either. But no clue was available about the man in the black who had passed on the talisman to Madhav.

The king declared that if someone was willing to wear the talisman and grow fat, he would be maintained by the court all his life. Soon a man came forward to accept the offer. The king duly tied the talisman to his waist. The man grew fat, but he lived in the palace happily, eating to his heart's content. This man was the man in the black!

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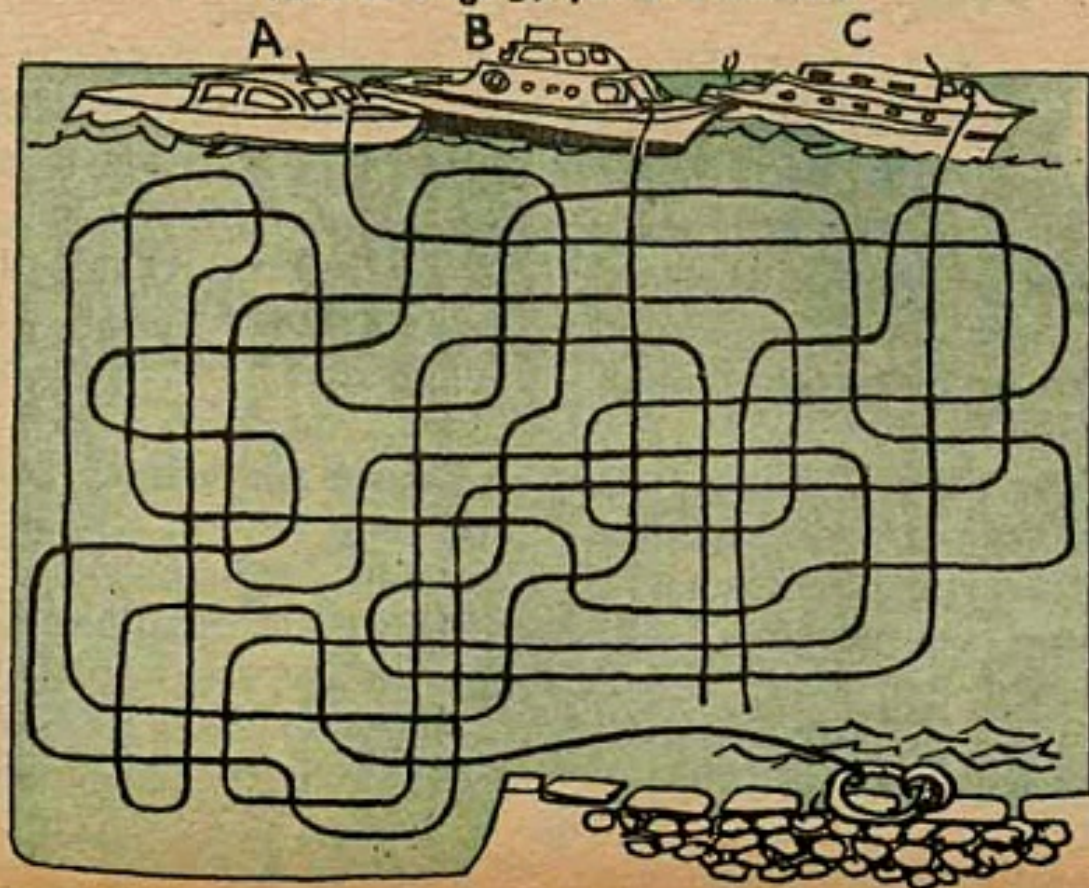
PUZZLE TIME

Here are lots of things which are used in the kitchen. They are all jumbled up together. Can you say how many there are and name them all.



Only one of these boats is moored to the quay. First try and guess which one it is and then check your answer by tracing along the mooring rope of each one.

Turn to Page 37 for the answers





LEGENDS OF INDIA

THE BULBULS SING STILL

There is a forest in Birbhum, skirting a lake, which abounds in birds. If a tired traveller would sit down for rest under a tree, he would be charmed by the sweet note that would be trilled out by the bulbuls from the forest.

Bulbuls there, indeed, are most musical. How? Well, for the answer you have to know the legend the people of the area recount.

Mahammad Shah, the Badshah of Delhi, had a beauti-

ful sister named Ameena. While the Badshah had decided to give Ameena in marriage to one of his ablest commanders, Mir Amir Hussein Khan, Ameena was secretly in love with an humble junior officer of the court, Osman.

Osman was a lover of nature and birds. He could easily befriend the bulbuls and teach them to trill out tunes he had composed.

Ameena was fascinated by the bulbuls trained by Osman.

She would spend hours in the royal garden coaxing the bulbuls to sing. In this she was often joined by Osman.

Amir Hussein was a ruthlessly ambitious young man. He imposed a code of conduct upon his would-be wife which forbade her to play with the bulbuls or to talk to Osman ever.

Princess Ameena, however, continued to go her way in complete disregard of Amir Hussein's orders. The infuriated Amir Hussein decided to put an end to the audacious Osman.

Invading Osman's house at the middle of the night with a long sword drawn, he found the house empty.

Where was Osman? Was he with the princess then? Amir Hussein madly galloped at the Badshah's palace. The maids of the inner apartment of the palace were roused from their sleep. To the panicky lot, the red-eyed commander ordered, the drawn sword still in hand, "Lead me to the chamber of Ameena!"

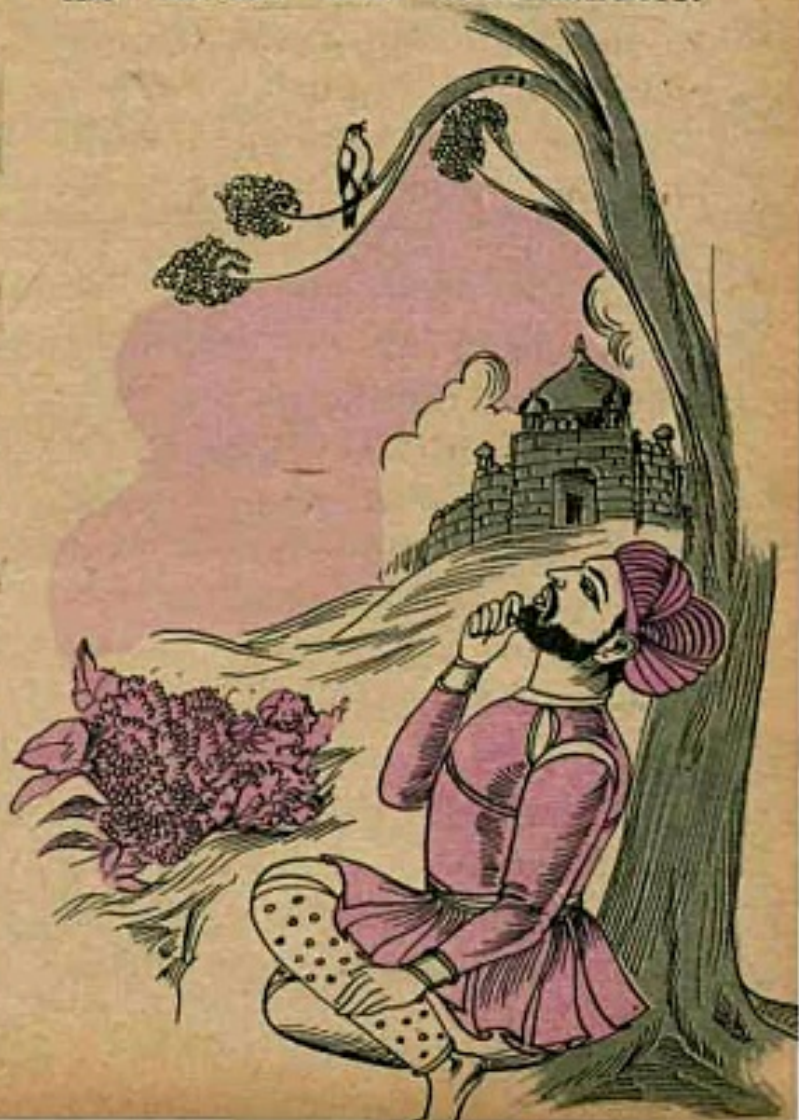
Through ominous silence he was conducted to the bejewelled door veiled by gossamer screens. The maids knocked on the

door, at first mildly and then anxiously. The commander had no patience. He kicked the door open—leading into an empty room.

So, Ameena had escaped with Osman!

Amir Hussein stood stunned for a while, his head hung, before turning back. He left the palace, without once raising his head.

Next morning the Badshah received the news that Nadir Shah of Persia was about to attack Delhi. He sent for all his nobles and commanders.



All came rushing but one, the one on whose timely help the Badshah counted most—Amir Hussein. He had left the capital, nobody knew for what destination.

Nor did Amir Hussein himself know his destination! Disguised as a fakir, a sharp dagger hidden under his robe, he had taken the vow to wander on, never to rest until he had destroyed the couple—Ameena and Osman.

Years passed. In the meanwhile his Badshah in Delhi was humbled by the Persian invader Nadir Shah. But Amir Hussein continued to wander.

It was an evening when Amir Hussein, totally exhausted, relaxed under a tree overlooking a fort in Birbhum. He was taken aback by the charming tune trilled out by a bulbul.

He instantly remembered, it was Osman who used to teach this tune to bulbuls in the royal garden at Dehli!

Amir Hussein kept sitting there. After a while he saw a brightly dressed rider, followed by a train of lieutenants, entering the fort. It did not take Amir Hussein long to recognise the rider who was no other than Osman.

"Who owns this fort?" he inquired of the local people. "Why! Hafez Khan, of course, the adopted son of the late Hitam Khan! You will not find a kinder couple than Hafez and his wife Sherina!" was the reply he received.

Amir Hussein understood that luck had somehow made the late ruler of this area, Hitam Khan, adopt Osman as his son. Osman and Ameena had taken new names and had inherited the state from Hitam Khan.

His blood boiled with the urge for revenge. He spent several days there, observing the situation of the fort through the skilled eyes of a commander and noted all its weak points.

That was the time when the Maratha conqueror Bhaskar Pandit had advanced into Bengal. One day Amir Hussein met Pandit in his camp and offered him his assistance in attacking Hafez Khan's fort. When Pandit was convinced that Amir Hussein was a real commander, he let a part of his army follow him.

Amir Hussein besieged the fort at midnight. He had marked the vulnerable point of the rampart wall. He crossed in easily and before long was con-

fronted by the surprised Osman.

The unprepared Osman fell after a brief battle. Amir Hussein killed him with brutal ferocity. But his thirst for blood had not been quenched. With the bloody dagger still raised, he searched, with the swiftness of a panther, for his other prey.

At last he reached the garden which had opened up into the lake. It was a moonlit night. From distance Amir Hussein could see his prey standing on a marble slab on the brink of the lake.

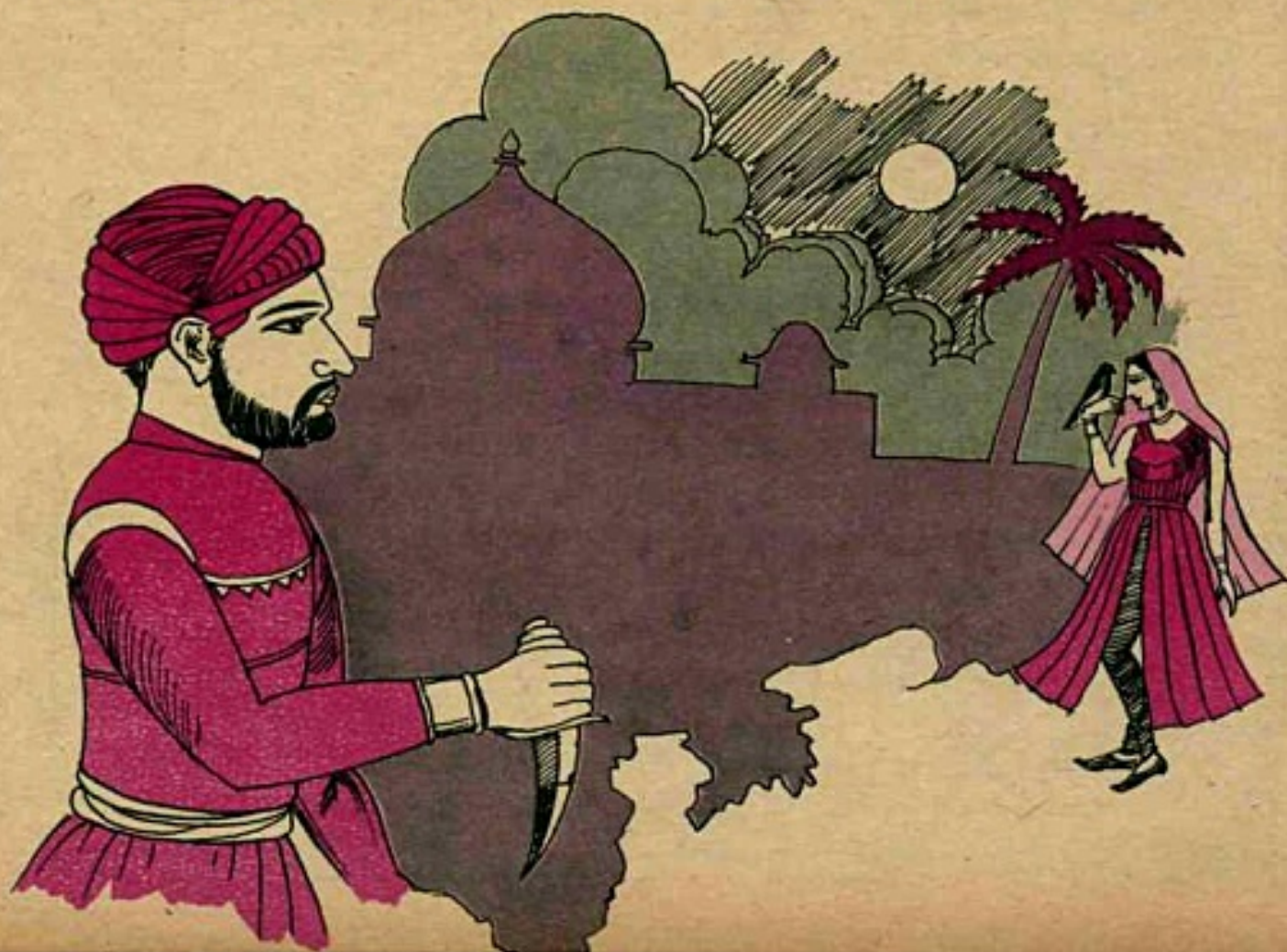
He ran with a wild cry. But his prey stood still, surveying him with an unearthly calm-

ness.

Amir Hussein stopped. The dagger fell off his hand. He muttered, "Ameena! I have come to take you back."

Amir Hussein advanced a step. Next moment there was a splashing sound. Ameena had disappeared. The lake was too deep and large to find her out easily.

All that remains of the fort today is a mound covered by trees and bushes. Nevertheless, the bulbuls still sing charmingly, for they have inherited their art from their ancestor who had been trained by the chivalrous Osman!



The house

You will find numerous references to the date in both the Old and New Testaments of the Bible as the palm tree has grown for more than 4,000 years throughout the Holy Land.

It provided people with food, drink, timber, fuel and, from the fibres, thread and raffia with which to make baskets and mats, brushes and ropes. Jericho was known as "the city of palm trees," Phoenicia as "the land of palms," and Bethany as "the house of dates."

People also thought of it as an emblem of constancy, fruitfulness, patience and victory and believed that the first palm grew from the remains of the clay from which Adam, the first man, was formed.

The ancient Greeks called the date Phoenix, from which we have the botanical name, *Phoenix dactylifera*. Like that mythical Arabian bird, worshipped in ancient Egypt, which

burned itself every 500 years only to rise again from the ashes, the date palm seemed, to the Greeks, indestructible. A single root produces a great number of suckers which soon form a small forest of palms. And the plants were thought capable of overcoming any calamity. They would not bow down or grow crooked, however heavy with fruit.



of dates

LOOKING AT FRUITS

This is no longer true of many varieties, for extensive cultivation has limited the palms to a controllable number which bear such large clusters of dates that palms cannot help but bend under their weight.

Dates came to England with the Romans who also gave us the word palm from the Latin, *palma*. The Anglo-Saxons,

however, preferred the Greek name, translating *dactylifera* as "finger apples."

But, until comparatively recently, dates have been a luxury in the western world. Now-a-days, they are cultivated in the Canary Islands, Arizona and California where they were introduced by Spanish missionaries in the 18th century, northern Africa, Italy, Spain and France.

Date have been popular in India since long and the Indian dates have their peculiar sweetness and flavour. While it is called *Pinda-Kharjur* in Sanskrit, it is called *Chuhara* in Hindi, Punjabi and Urdu. In Tamil it is known as *Karjuram*, in Telugu *Ichlu Pandu*, in Malayalam *Ittapalam*, in Kannada and Kashmiri *Khajur*, in Marathi *Kharik*, in Gujarati *Kharek*, in Bengali and Assamese *Khejur*, in Oriya *Khajuri* and in Sindhi *Chuharo*.





WHAT AN EXAMPLE CAN DO

King Vikram Singh of Vijaypuri was a ruler who was prudent and just. His administration was clean and he was never tired of looking into the grievances of his subjects.

One day, while passing through a remote village of the kingdom, the king's eyes fell on an old temple of Lord Shiva. A century ago the temple was very famous. Unfortunately, it had fallen into a dilapidated condition and pilgrims rarely visited the shrine.

The king felt very sad to see the condition of the temple. He decided to repair it and to do everything necessary to restore it to its old glory.

When he expressed his wish before his chief minister, the

latter said, "My lord! Your intention is noble. But it involves a huge expenditure. When the temple is repaired, pilgrims would flow into the village. For them ponds and wells must be dug and rest-houses erected. Till the temple comes to earn enough from the devotees, you have to arrange for its maintenance. I am afraid, we cannot afford to spend so much money at the moment."

"But I cannot let this great temple decay till it was levelled to the ground! If our treasury does not have enough money to do the needful, let us collect a special tax on this account. Mind you, I don't want the new tax to be imposed on the common people, but only on

the wealthy landowners and the rich traders."

The chief minister and other ministers appreciated this idea. Accordingly the new tax was announced.

The king was in the habit of donning a disguise and roaming among his people from time to time, particularly after he had introduced any new law. This time too he dressed as a common man and went out to assess the effect of his new policy.

He had not gone far when he heard a young man and a shopkeeper exchanging heated words. He listened carefully and understood that the young

man was an employee in the household of a landlord. As soon as the new tax had been announced, the landlord had announced a reduction in the young man's salary! The young man, who was disgusted at this, was further disgusted to see that the traders had increased the prices of commodities essential to him. The young man who had come to buy several small things for his own family, could hardly buy anything.

It was a revelation to the king. He understood that although his motive had been to tax only the rich, the rich had easily shifted the burden of the tax to the common people.



The king summoned his ministers as soon as he was back in the palace and said, "Announce immediately that the new tax has been scrapped. If any trader would enhance the price of any commodity, he would be severely punished."

"If you abolish the tax, my lord, we have to give up the scheme of restoring the Shiva temple!" said the chief minister.

"Never!" declared the king, "I will take it upon myself to bear the entire cost of the restoration work. As you know, we spend a lot of money on unnecessary customs and amusements. From today, till the temple of Lord Shiva is restored, there will be no feast in the palace, no hunting expedition, no illumination. The money thus saved should go to the temple fund."

"My lord! Yours is a noble decision. I too promise to curtail all my extravagant expenses and to contribute to the temple fund to the best of my mite," declared the chief minister. All other ministers too promised to do the same.

This decision of the king and his ministers very soon became public. People set up several centres for collecting contributions for the temple and the result was highly encouraging.

When the rich landowners and traders realised the situation, they felt guilty and they came out with heavy contributions. In a few months so much money was collected that not only the old temple was restored to its glory, but also a number of charitable institutions could be opened with the fund!





TWO MINISTERS

Rasik Bhatta was the minister of the king of Chandanpur. The forests of Chandanpur abounded in elephants whereas in the neighbouring kingdom of Saimanta excellent horses were bred.

One day the king of Chandanpur told his minister, "Bhatta! Will you once pay a visit to the king of Saimanta and ask him if he will give us some good horses in exchange for elephants?"

Bhatta, accompanied by a servant, arrived at the court of Saimanta where he received a warm reception. The king of Saimanta gladly agreed to supply a stud of horses for elephants.

After the deal was finalised, the minister of Saimanta, Bhajan Gupta, requested Rasik Bhatta to stay on for a day as his guest. Bhatta acceded to the request.

While the two ministers were chitchatting, Bhajan Gupta boasted of his great hold on his king and said, "Our king is a plaything in my hands. He agrees to whatever I say!"

"Even if you say something fantastic?" asked Bhatta sceptically.

"Yes. If you don't believe my words, you can see it for yourself. This evening the king and myself will ride through the fields. You can hide in the garden near the fields and hear



our talks," said Bhajan Gupta.

"All right, I will do as you say," said Bhatta and he hid, along with his servant, behind a big tree when it was time for the king of Saimanta and his minister to ride by.

Soon Bhatta could hear the minister's voice. He was telling his king, "Look there, Your Highness, how beautifully the maize have grown!"

"The maize, indeed, look very beautiful!" agreed the king.

This surprised Bhatta, for, there were no maize in the fields, but wheat.

Next, Bhajan Gupta told the king, "Look, Your Highness,

there goes a huge python!"

"My God! I had never seen such a big python in my life," responded the king, although there was no python anywhere but only a small string of rope lying on the road.

Bhatta felt amazed at this. He returned to Gupta's house, sure that Gupta was a more powerful minister than he was. But he did not wish to confess that. He told Gupta when the latter came back, "I saw that you have a great influence on your king. But my power over my king is much greater. He will not answer back even if I abuse him! If you doubt my statement, then accompany me to Chandanpur."

Gupta accompanied Bhatta to Chandanpur.

"You wait here and listen while I talk to the king," said Bhatta showing a chair to Gupta, and himself entered a cabin where the king was then relaxing.

"Hello, minister, what happened to your mission?" asked the king.

"Do I ever leave any work unsuccessful? I have made a bargain entirely to our advantage. But the travel has affected my health. It was foolish of



you to ask me to undertake such a long journey in this hot season!" grumbled Rasik Bhatta.

The king smiled and nodded.

"You are a fool's fool, I should say," commented Bhatta as he left the room, giving a long salute to the king.

Bhajan Gupta's surprise was great. He told Bhatta, "Your power over your king is really unparalleled!"

"What doubt is there!" said Bhatta proudly.

Shortly thereafter Bhatta's servant who had accompanied him to the kingdom of Saimanta, confided to him, "Sir!

I heard that the king of Saimanta is almost blind. Since he can hardly see anything, he believed the wheat to be maize because his minister said so!"

In the meanwhile Gupta's servant confided to him, "Master! I have just now come to know that the king of this country is almost deaf!"

Both the ministers thought that they had been deceived. Each wrote a private letter to the king of the other minister exposing the latter's mischief.

The result was that both the ministers were not only sacked by their kings but also were driven out of their countries!

PUZZLE TIME

ANSWERS

There are twelve kitchen objects; Mixing bowl, Potato peeler, Frying pan, Saucepan, Scales, Colander, Fork, Cake tin, Knife, Jug, Ladle, Potato masher.



A GOOD PLACE TO LIVE IN

Jeevan's father was lying in death bed. He called Jeevan to his side and said, "My son! My hours are numbered. As you know, I have earned and accumulated money enough to keep you happily going for all your life, even when you raise a family. But remember one thing: always live at a good place."

After his father's death Jeevan started brooding over his parting advice. The late father said that Jeevan must live at a good place. Was his own village a bad place or a good one? No, it could not be a good place, for, what was good about it? It was not remarkable for natural scenery. The roads

turned muddy during the rainy season!

Jeevan entrusted the care of his house and the lands to his neighbours and changing all his money to gold coins, left the village in search of a good place. After several days of wandering, he came across a village which was situated on a lake. There was a beautiful forest on the outskirts of the village and the climate of the place seemed to be excellent. Jeevan decided to settle down there.

He built a neat little hut on the lake and lived peacefully. He bought his needs from the village and cooked himself. At sundown, he did an hour's boat-

ing in the lake and thus passed his time happily.

It was a summer noon and Jeevan was lying on a rope-cot in front of his hut, under a tree. It was quite cool there.

"Hello, young man!" someone called him in a hoarse tone. He opened his eyes.

It was a stranger with a beard of bronze colour, donning a red shirt and skirting a black linen. Around his neck was a garland of crow's feathers.

"It is very hot. Will you fetch me some drinking water?" asked the stranger.

"Why not," replied Jeevan and he hurried into his hut for water.

"Wait, young man, mix some lemon juice with the water, if you have any," shouted the stranger turning back.

"All right," said Jeevan.

"And a few spoonfuls of sugar too," suggested the stranger again.

Jeevan prepared the drink in a pot as suggested by the old man and brought it to him. By then the stranger was rolling on his cot, humming some tune. He emptied the pot at one breath and said, "Go and keep this costly pot inside your hut, for it is not safe to leave it



in the open!"

When Jeevan returned after keeping the pot, the stranger had sprawled on the cot again and had closed his eyes. However, he winked at Jeevan and said, "It is too hot for me to go away now. Let me take rest. What do you say?"

Jeevan did not say anything. Nor did the stranger care for his word. He was soon heard snoring.

Jeevan quietly walked away to his veranda and waited there.

The stranger woke up in the evening and said as if to himself, "It is going to get dark. I must go in and light a lamp.



Pity, I have to do everything myself!"

He then entered Jeevan's hut and found out the lamp and lighted it.

Jeevan followed him and was bewildered to see the stranger behaving in that way. He shouted at him, "Enough of your impudence. Now, will you leave me alone?"

"What do you mean?" shouted back the stranger, "Who are you to order me to go away from my own house, you little rogue? Get out, I say!"

The stranger pushed Jeevan out and shut and locked the

door from inside.

Jeevan rapped on the door for a long time. The stranger shouted from inside, "If my door gets even a small scratch, I will make you pay me the cost of a new door, mind you!"

Jeevan passed the night sleeping on the veranda. When it was morning he saw a group of villagers going towards the lake for fishing. He ran to them and appealed to them to help him drive away the intruder. But the stranger came out at once and shouted, "Look here, my friends, this mischievous young man wants to occupy my house! Have you ever heard of such wickedness?"

Jeevan shouted, "All the villagers know that the hut belongs to me! They see me every-day here and I buy all I need from them!"

But to Jeevan's horror, the villagers looked at him as if they saw him for the first time, and said, "Who are you? How dare you harass this gentleman? Leave our village immediately or we will teach you such a lesson which you will never forget!"

Jeevan remained standing, struck dumb with surprise. Slowly it dawned on him that



the villagers had conspired to drive him away. They had guessed that Jeevan must be storing a lot of wealth in the hut to pass his days without doing anything.

Deciding on his course of action, Jeevan began shaking his head and faltering like one who had suddenly gone mad, said, "You are right, you are quite right, this house is not mine. But what about all the gold I have hidden? Are they not mine either?"

"Certainly not. They all belong to this gentleman. Now tell us, where have you kept all the gold?" asked the villagers with great eagerness.

"There, under that heap!" replied Jeevan pointing at a mound of dust and stones.

At once the people began to run at the mound. The bearded fellow too followed them.

Jeevan lost no time in taking out his box of gold coins from a hiding inside the hut. He then ran away in the opposite direction. He bought a horse from a trader he met on his way and reached his village in the evening. He was warmly received by his villagers.

Jeevan now realised that what his father had meant by good place was a place where good people lived—not just a beautiful spot!



EMPTY DRUMS

Two friends, while travelling across a foreign land, took shelter in the house of a drummer one night.

Villagers pressed around them, eager to hear the story of their land. One of the two friends was a notorious yarn-spinner. He was never tired of exaggerating.

The host, being a drummer, asked him, "What about the drums in your great country? Are they just like ours?"

"Oh no! Our drums are much bigger—as big as the banian tree yonder!"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the drummer.

"And what about the cows in your country?" queried a cowherd.

This time the other guest hurried to answer, "Well, they are just huge, you know, as huge as that bridge over the river!"

Next morning when the two friends were again on the road, the first one challenged the second, "You irresponsible fellow! How could you speak such a gigantic lie about our cows?"

"You fool, don't you realise that it was for your sake?" retorted his friend, "If we did not have cows as huge as the bridge, from where could you get the hide to make the drums as big as the banian tree?"





Hanuman was immensely pleased at Mainak's gesture. He said, "Your kind words are refreshing enough for me, although I am unable to concede to your request and rest on you for a while. I have resolved to reach Lanka before it is evening. Hence I should not stop on the way. I hope you will appreciate the situation and excuse me."

Hanuman then affectionately touched Mainak and resumed his forward journey. Mainak and the sea blessed him, saying, "Let your mission be crowned with success." As they looked on, Hanuman disappeared in the horizon.

Gods and rishis who witnessed the scene, observed, "It

is only Hanuman who could have refused the offer of the mighty Mainak without displeasing him. Nobody else would have dared to do so."

Indra told Mainak, "You deserve congratulation for your nobleness. From today you need not have any fear for me." Mainak's joy was great at such assurance from Indra.

As Hanuman proceeded further the gods and the *gundharvas* desired to put him to a test. They approached Surasa, the mother of snakes, and told her, "Hanuman, the son of the God of Wind, is passing over the sea. We will like you to assume a terrible form and to obstruct his way. We wish to see how he will pass the test."



Surasa, in order to oblige the gods, assumed a ferocious and obnoxiously ugly form and suddenly emerged before Hanuman and said, "Listen, O Hanuman, the gods have gifted you to me to serve me as my food. Come, enter my mouth and let me gulp you."

Hanuman answered with humility, "Look here, I am on a mission on behalf of Sri Rama, the son of the celebrated monarch Dasharatha. While Sri Rama camped in the Dandakaranya, his wife, Sita Devi, was kidnapped by Ravana. I am out in search of Sita Devi. In this my noble mission I pray for your good wishes. I will

enter your mouth while returning, if you insist."

"That can't be. I have got boon that nobody can ever go passing me. How can I render that boon untrue today? Be sure, Hanuman, I cannot allow you to pass!"

Surasa's mouth was open. It was like a cave. Hanuman suddenly reduced himself to the size of a butterfly and before Surasa had realised what he was doing, he entered her mouth and came out of it in the twinkling of an eye. Then he told her, "O daughter of Daksha! I have entered your mouth though I have come out of it already, thereby vindicating the boon you enjoy. Now let me go!"

Surasa changed into her normal form and said, "O Hanuman! I wish you good luck. Return to Rama and Lakshmana after you have been successful in your mission."

As Hanuman proceeded, he was seen by a demoness named Simhika. Thought the demoness, "This flying creature might taste quite delicious. Let me have it." Then she clutched at Hanuman's reflection on the sea. At once Hanuman felt the pull; he was, as if, being drawn by a terrific force of wind.

Surprised, Hanuman looked all around. He could soon see the gigantic figure of Simhika in the sea below. He remembered Sugriva mentioning about this strange creature of the sea who had the power to draw any object towards herself by laying her hand on the shadow of the object.

Hanuman enlarged his body. Simhika too did the same. She made her mouth large enough to swallow up Hanuman and advanced towards him.

Hanuman stormed into her mouth and in the next moment dashed out through her tummy like a lightning, thereby putting an end to her. Blood gushing out of it in a stream, the carcass of the demoness floated on the sea.

Feeling relieved, Hanuman was again on his way to Lanka. Soon he could see the wooded horizon. Slowly such features as the forest, the mountain, the rivers flowing into the sea became distinct.

Hanuman thought that it would not be proper on his part to reveal himself in his true stature to the demons of Lanka. He assumed a non-imposing figure and descended on a hill near the sea. From there could



be clearly seen the city of Lanka which deserved comparison with Amaravati, the paradise-city of Indra.

Lanka was situated on Mount Trikuta. As Hanuman advanced, the grandeur of the city was unfolded before him. There were numerous orchards and gardens filled with trilling birds and fragrant flowers. It was, indeed, a charming city. Hanuman felt more and more happy as he came closer to it.

The city was girdled by a canal. The canal abounded in lotuses and lilies. The wall around the city glittered as gold. Armed demons guarded the entrances into the city.

Broad roads led into beautiful mansions. Each tower had a banner on it. Because the city rested on a mountain, it appeared as though it floated in the sky! It was Viswakarma, the architect of heaven, who had created it.

Hanuman approached the northern gate of the city and tried to form an idea about Ravana's strength. He wondered if it would ever be possible for anybody to invade this city. Once this belonged to Kuvera. Today it seemed even Kuvera would not find entry into it. Like poisonous snakes guarding the caves, ferocious demons guarded every part of the city. The sea protected it from any possible invasion. How can the Vanaras cross the sea and arrive here? What even if they came? It was doubtful if even the gods could conquer Lanka. Sri Rama, no doubt, is great and mighty. Even so, how can he defeat the cruel horde of demons? And proud as they are, they could not be expected to yield to any proposal for a dignified compromise. Neither can they be won over by diplomacy. The threat of battle cannot bring about any change in them, not even a battle itself!

Besides, who can come here crossing the sea? None excepting four—Angada, Neela, Sugriva and Hanuman himself!

But Hanuman did not allow himself to feel depressed. He thought: "What use brooding over such issues? At first I must ascertain that Sita Devi was alive. If she is alive, I must meet her. Only after that I will decide upon the next course of action. I must not forget that determination and perseverance can achieve the impossible."

Now, the question was how to enter into the city. If he wandered in the city in his normal form he would in no time attract the attention of the demons. If he assumed a very small shape, it would take him long to cover the whole city. After some consideration, he assumed a middle size. "I must not be captured by Ravana's soldiers before I have traced Sita Devi. Ravana is not the type who would show any consideration or courtesy towards an emissary."

Hanuman waited till sundown. Then he changed his form and bounded towards the city wall. The buildings now seemed even taller and the walls stronger. Again his misgivings



about the possibility of carrying on a raid over the city beset him for a while.

Soon, moonlight flooded the city. Suddenly the city's guarding spirit whose name was Lanka, appeared before him. She challenged him, "Who are you? What brought you here? You should have known that a creature like you had no sanction to enter this city!"

"I will answer all your questions. But do tell me first, who are you? What right have you to stop me and challenge me?" asked Hanuman.

"I serve Ravana, the mighty monarch, at whose instruction I am guarding this city. No unwelcome person can ever defeat me or enter the city. My name is Lanka. Now, speak out

what you have to say before I kill you," roared Lanka.

"It is purely with the desire to see Lanka that I have come here," said Hanuman.

"That you cannot do unless you have vanquished me," retorted Lanka sneeringly.

"But I assure you, I will do no harm to you or anybody. I will only roam about for a while and then depart," said Hanuman.

Far from conceding to Hanuman's request, Lanka, with a fearful roar, gave him a blow. With an equally voluminous roar, Hanuman returned the blow by his left hand.

Lanka fell sprawling on the ground with a painful cry and muttered, "Please don't kill me. I have already got the taste of your strength. Brahma had once told me that the day a

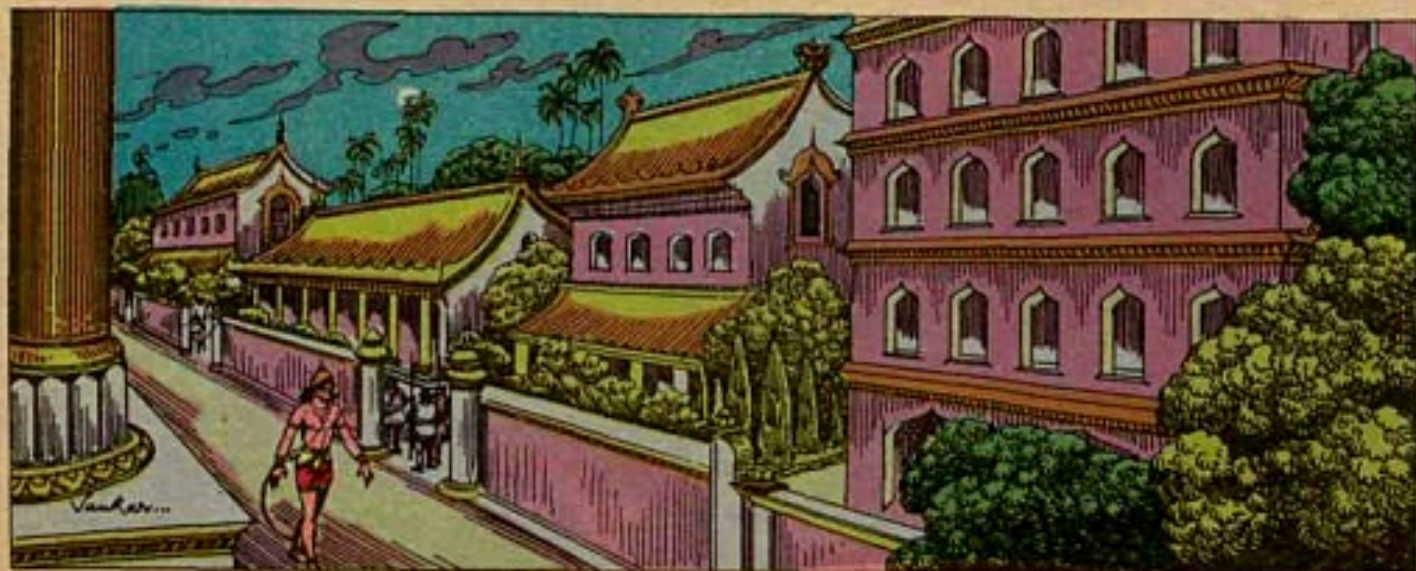
Vanara would defeat me that would be the day beginning the downfall of the demons. It seems Ravana has ushered in misfortune by kidnapping Sita Devi. O hero! You can enter the city and roam about as you please!"

Hanuman soon crossed into the city. As he walked along the main thoroughfare, he could hear the sound of music coming from the interior of the houses. The houses were decorated by flowers as well as jewels.

From some places recitations of scriptures could be heard and from certain other places shouts and shrieks. Soldiers loitered in groups here and there.

"Since I have entered Lanka which appeared inaccessible, I will of course be able to find Sita Devi," thought Hanuman.

Contd





THE LOST DAGGER

In a certain village lived a landlord who was a good-natured man. But his only son, brought up amidst much luxury and licence, became a wayward young man. He had a number of chums who inspired him to spend money for wrong causes and the young man, naturally, was always in need of money.

In the neighbouring village lived a wealthy money-lender. One day the young man went to him and requested him for a loan of five hundred rupees.

The money-lender did not wish to lend money to the young man whom he did not trust. At the same time he did not wish to displease him. He said, "Well, my young friend, I will be happy to give you the money you need. But as a principle of my trade, I give money only against some mortgage. Can you pledge

anything with me? So far as you are concerned, a token will do; the thing need not be of the value of five hundred rupees!"

"Will this do?" asked the young man bringing out a dagger from his waist.

"It will do," replied the money-lender, although he knew that the dagger would not cost more than fifty rupees. He kept the dagger and gave five hundred rupees to the young man.

Two years passed. The landlord died and the young man inherited all his property. But he did not care to pay back the loan and to take back his dagger.

The money-lender now knew that the young landlord will never pay back the loan if left to himself. But the money-lender knew what to do.

The washerman who served

the landlord's family, also served the money-lender's family. One day, while the washerman was collecting clothes from his house, the money-lender was heard telling his wife: "Two years ago the landlord's son had borrowed five hundred rupees from me pledging a precious dagger. Now that the young man has become the landlord himself, I am afraid, he will come to take back his dagger paying me back the money as well as the interest amounting to two hundred rupees. The problem is, I cannot find the dagger. I don't know what to do."

"What will be the price of the dagger?" asked the money-lender's wife.

"Who knows? Maybe a thousand rupees!" replied the money-lender.

Needless to say, his trick

worked. The washerman lost no time in informing the landlord about the awkward situation the money-lender was in. Next morning the landlord appeared before the money-lender and said, "I am sorry for this delay in coming to release my precious dagger. You know, that is of very great value, because that had been given to my grandfather by the king. Here is your money including an amount of two hundred rupees as interest. Hurry up. Give me back my dagger."

"Surely!" said the money-lender smilingly and handed over the dagger to the disappointed landlord, and added, "I am lucky you did not come yesterday, for yesterday I did not find it and was worried thinking that it had been lost. I traced it this morning in one of my safest chests!"





THE HUNGRY LION AND THE NAIVE CAMEL

Tales from the Panchatantra

A merchant was once passing through a forest, loading his merchandise on a caravan of camels.

At the middle of the forest a servant told him. "Master! One of our camels is showing signs of fatigue and is hardly able to move. Should we not stop and wait till he recovers?"

"No," replied the merchant, "It is not wise to pass time inside this dense forest while darkness is approaching. Relieve the sick camel of its load and leave it to its own fate."

The caravan went away leaving the sick camel behind. Soon the camel found out a small brook with a wide patch of tall grass near it. He ate the sweet grass and drank the cool water and felt quite re-

freshed. After the night's rest inside a cave, he was strong enough to give out a resounding bray in the morning.

A lion who styled himself as the king of the forest and had a leopard, a jackal and a crow for his council of ministers, heard the bray and with a bewildered look, told his ministers, "This, verily, is the most queer sound I have ever heard. Can you find out the origin of the sound?"

The crow, who had already circled over the forest in search of its breakfast, replied, "My lord! The sound comes from an animal new to our forest, known as the camel. However strange it might look, its flesh tastes very sweet—even its hump!"



"I'm not interested in its flesh, minister crow!" roared the lion, "A stranger to the forest must be treated as our guest. Go and invite him to my presence!"

At once the ministers proceeded to meet the camel and ushered him into the lion's den with due courtesy. The lion was amused to see the camel and said, "Welcome! Although I have already three ministers, they represent species which are quite common in the forest. But you are unique. Hence I appoint you my fourth minister. Eat, drink and be merry."

"Thank you, my lord!" said

the camel, bowing low to the lion.

Days passed. But the crow the jackal and the leopard could never forget that the camel contained a mound of sweet meat which they had been debarred from eating.

One day the lion was entangled in a bloody fight with a ferocious wild boar and was badly mauled. He lay on a rock outside his cave for a whole day, without any food. The camel, being a vegetarian, faced no problem. But the other three who for the most part of their food depended on what the lion killed, starved along with their master.

The lion called the three to his side and said, "Go and try to kill some creature. I have fed you for years. Try to feed me for a day or two!"

"We will feel honoured to do so!" replied the three and they dashed out into the forest.

But the only one among them who had not altogether lost the habit of hunting was the crow. But he could only hunt worms and insects. The other two had reduced themselves to parasites.

The crow flew from tree to tree and announced the presence

of a deer or a rabbit under a bush or near the brook. But the jackal and the leopard never succeeded in reaching the spot in time to catch the creature.

At last, their eyes moistened, they appeared before the lion. The lion whose eyesight had dimmed could not see their tears and asked hoarsely, "Come, let me see what you have fetched. My tummy is on fire!"

The jackal fumbled, "My lord! To be frank, we are your worthless slaves. We failed to procure any food for you. But I have an humble proposal. The camel's flesh is really..."

"Shut up, you rascal!" shouted the lion. "How can I kill someone whom I have granted my protection?"

"My lord! Great is your compassion. But what harm is there in eating the camel if the camel himself offers his body to you? We may prove worthless as hunters, but as ministers we are not unworthy, my lord!" said the jackal politely.

The pangs of hunger were proving unbearable for the lion. He growled, "But why on earth should somebody volunteer to give his body for my food?"

"We will see to that!" said

the jackal gleefully and all the three went out again.

The camel was then grazing near the brook. Suddenly he heard a noise. Raising his head, he saw the crow telling the leopard and the jackal, "Never will I listen to you. I must give up my body for the sake of my master's life!"

"What is the matter with minister crow?" queried the camel.

"As you know, our king, the lion, is dying for lack of food. Our dear crow is going to offer his own body to the master. We are dissuading him!" replied the jackal.

The crow hopped and advan-



ced towards the lion's den, followed by the jackal and the leopard. The camel too deemed it his duty to follow them.

Before the lion the crow cried out, "My lord, here I am. Please eat me and save yourself. For me it will be the short-cut to heaven!"

"Nonsense! What use eating you? It will only increase my appetite!" said the lion.

"My lord! Praised be the crow for his great love for you. But as you rightly observed, the crow is too small a creature to satisfy your appetite. Be pleased to accept me," proposed the jackal.

"You are no better!" commented the lion.

"You are right, my lord. A jackal is no much bigger than a crow. But here I am, enough for a meal. Be pleased to eat

me!" stepped forward the leopard.

"A lion never relishes a leopard. We belong to the same family," said the lion.

The camel saw that while each of his friends offered himself to the lion, the lion refused to eat them. He was now sure that the same would happen to him. Why should he lag behind in showing his allegiance to the king?

He went forward and said, "I believe, my claim to serve as your food is greater than all my friends' So I beg to offer myself..."

Before the camel had finished his sentence the leopard was already on his hump. The lion gave a lusty roar and jumped onto it too.

The crow and jackal exchanged meaningful smiles.

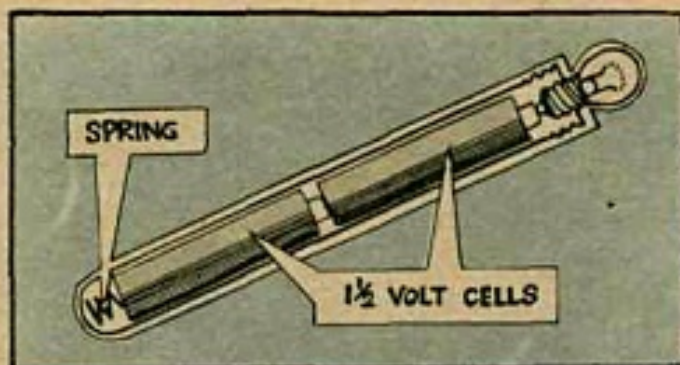


FUN WITH SCIENCE

We have all been in need of a torch at some time when there isn't one handy—and how infuriating it is! Here is the chance for you to make your own pocket torch, which you can keep with you all the time.

Find an aluminium cigar tube, big enough to hold two $1\frac{1}{2}$ volt hearing-aid batteries. Now bore a hole in the cap so that a flashlight bulb will screw tightly into it. Lastly, bend a hairpin into the shape of a coil spring.

Now drop the spring into the bottom



of the cigar tube, and place the two batteries on top of it. Remember that the flat base of the lower battery must come in contact with the spring, and that the brass contact of the upper battery will be facing the bottom of the bulb. By screwing cap of the cigar tube down, you will complete the circuit and the bulb will light up.

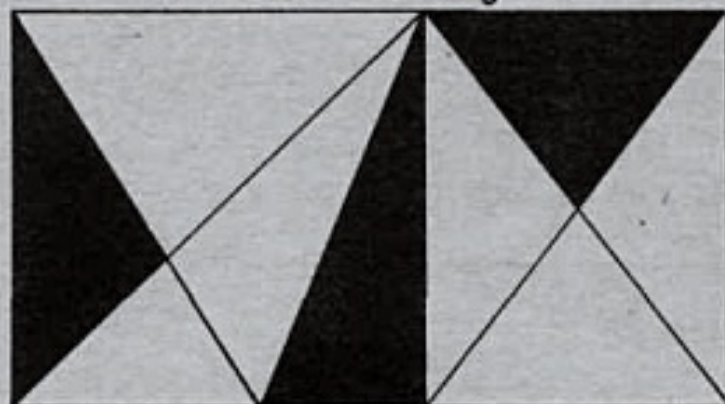
SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES

(SORRY, NO CLUE ANYWHERE IN THE MAGAZINE)



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C-5 EN

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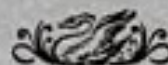
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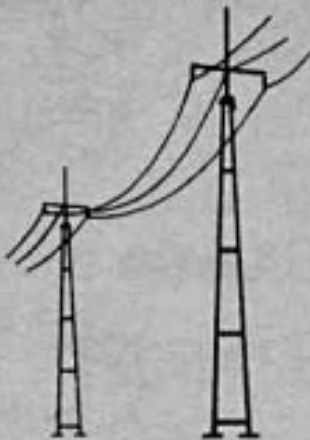
Rachana KFP-43c

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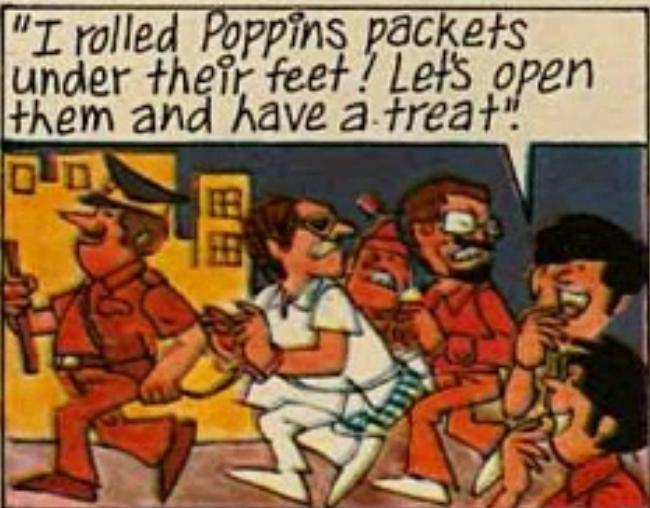
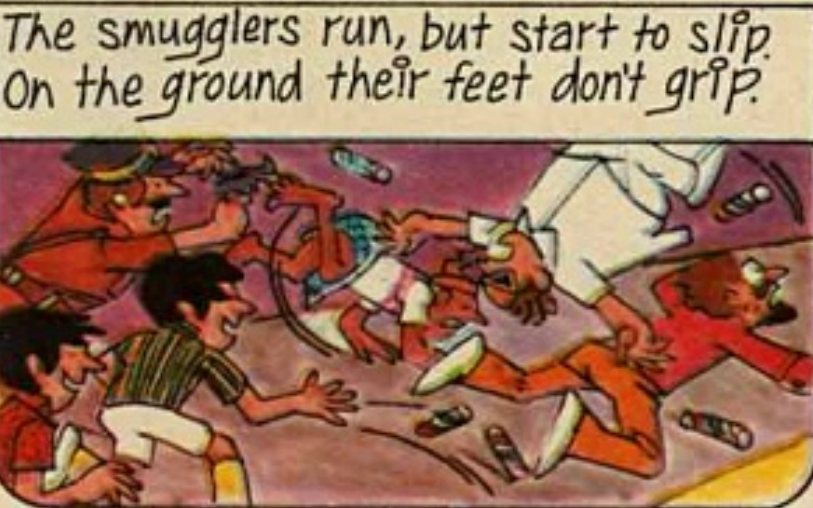
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